

OUT OF A CONVENT TO FORCE

AND INTO JAIL TO WRITE FOR THE MAGAZINES.

Female "Jim the Penman's" Story of Her Life and Plans—Says She Was Nearly a Nun, but Liked Crime Better—At Ease in a White Silk Kimono and Red Slippers in Her Cell—A Wonder to Cops.

Mrs. James Parker, sometimes Mrs. J. B. Singlerley and sometimes Miss Mabel Preece, the interesting young woman whom Inspector McCluskey's men gathered in on Saturday night, and whom they now charge with a score or more of the cleverest forgeries that have been perpetrated on the banks of this city in a good many years, is one of the most remarkable young women the local police ever got their grip on. She is scarcely 22 years old and apparently a mere novice in crime, but she is as self-possessed as the evidence now in the hands of the Detective Bureau shows she is clever at swindling.

Although the woman has persistently refused to tell her maiden name, the police discovered yesterday that it was Mabel Preece and that she is the daughter of T. J. Preece, a member of the brokerage firm of Preece & Dunham of 9 North Third street, Minneapolis.

According to her own story, which she tells with the utmost composure, she was in the Ursuline convent at Bedford Park, preparing to become a nun, when she met and married Parker. Parker had been a crook in a small way, picking pockets on street cars and doing other small jobs, and she specifically fell into his ways. Parker was never a forger, neither the skill nor the nerve for the work.

The woman was skillful with a pen and saw a way to make her skill pay. Neither Parker nor the young man, James Reed, who was arrested with him, cut much figure beside her. She not only forged the checks and orders, but devised ways and means by which her bad paper might be turned into money.

Mrs. Parker was locked up on Saturday night in the Mercer street police station, where there is a matron to look after woman prisoners. She is blond, tall and slender, with fine eyes and an attractive figure. She dresses well, and her face wears an expression of innocence which belies her.

The young woman took her capture and imprisonment with equal coolness. Early yesterday morning she sent a messenger boy from the Mercer street station to her late boarding house, at 110 West Thirty-eighth street, for a white silk kimono, a pair of high-heeled red satin slippers and a box of toilet articles.

When these were delivered to her she donned the kimono, put on the slippers, took rouge, an eyebrow pencil, a powder puff and a manicure set from the box, borrowed a mirror from the matron and proceeded to make her toilet.

By the time Detectives Peabody and Clark arrived to take her to the Jefferson Market police court she was as fresh looking and chipper as when Clark was enjoying her hospitality in the guise of Bill Hickey, second-story man, dining with her in Broadway hotels.

In court she was remanded back to the Mercer street station, where she straightway donned the kimono and red slippers again, sent out for all the magazines and proceeded to enjoy herself.

"The whole family appears to be involved in trouble," she said to a Sun reporter. "It's lucky Jim and I have no children or I suppose they'd have them under arrest, too. Well, I'm in trouble now, I guess, and these detectives are kind enough to tell me that they have enough against me to keep me here all my life. On the whole I don't know just where I am coming out of all this."

"There's nothing in my life that I need to conceal and I'll tell you all about myself gladly. In the first place I am married; was married to Jim Parker, whom they have downed at Police Headquarters on June 28, 1930, in the 'Little Church Around the Corner,' by the Rev. Dr. Houghton. I was only 17 years old then, and had been here but a year."

"I was graduated at 18 from the Visitation Academy in St. Paul and I came here to go to the Ursuline convent to prepare to be a nun. I was there about a year and was a novice when I met Jim and decided to marry him and not be a nun. Jim has had a little trouble now and then, but he's a fine fellow. The life he led was a free and easy one and I took to it. That's all there is to it."

"As for myself, I have done quite a good deal of writing. I have written for all of the magazines, usually under the name of Mabel Singlerley, and have illustrated my own stories. If they send me away that is how I'm going to pass the time, writing stories for the magazines and drawing pictures to go with them. I can draw pictures as easily as I can sign names. I've always been handy with a pen and can duplicate a signature that I've only seen once, ten days or so seeing it."

"I hope they'll be lenient with Jim. I really got him into trouble, and if he can get away all right I'll be glad to take all the blame and all the punishment. Did I tell you that Jim and I had a baby, a little girl? Well, we did, but she died, poor little thing. I do hope that no one will attach that \$500 the police took from me, because when Jim and I got clear of this we'll need it."

Mrs. Parker, like her husband, is addicted to the use of drugs. On Saturday night she became so nervous because she had been several hours without any, that she was allowed to send out for morphine. After she took that she felt better.

Detectives Peabody and Clark searched the woman's room in the Thirty-eighth street house yesterday morning. They got her permission to go through her effects. She sent by the detectives to Mrs. Crighton, who keeps the house, this note:

DEAR MRS. CRIGHTON: Well, as perhaps you anticipated, I am arrested and everything is over with me, I suppose. Please allow these officers to go through my room.

The detectives found a number of interesting things in the room. There were about one hundred letters from the girl's father, and a number of sheets of paper on which she had been practicing signatures. About twenty of these sheets were covered with facsimiles of the signatures of Alice Kauser, a depositor in the Lincoln bank, whose name was forged on the check the woman passed in Schumann's jewelry store. A hypodermic syringe and a quantity of morphine were found in the room and also two photographs of a famous

WOMAN CROOK KNOWN TO THE POLICE AS "DIAMOND LIL."

There are two "Diamond Lils"—a local celebrity and a Chicago production. The pictures were those of the Chicago woman.

This letter from Parker to the woman was found in the room. It was written from Police Headquarters on Friday afternoon:

MY OWN DARLING WIFE: Do not worry, dearest. I think there is a chance for me. I'm careful and don't do anything rash. I cannot write much at this time, sweetheart, but I will write again. With all love to you, I am yours for ever and ever. JIMMY.

A long letter which the woman had written to the Magistrate who was to preside at Parker's examination was found in the room. It was cleverly done. It lauded Parker to the skies and said that he committed the forgery with which he was charged through her and because he couldn't bear to see her starve.

Mrs. Crighton, the boarding-house keeper, told the detectives that last Friday when Parker and Reed were arrested, the woman went into the cellar and burned up a bushel or so of papers. Most of them, she said, were bank books and checks and letters.

At the Holland House and the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday it was said that the woman had never passed bad checks at either place. At the Hoffman House a woman answering Mrs. Parker's description got rid of a bad check for \$50 six weeks ago. She registered there as Mrs. Richmond.

At the Ursuline Convent at Bedford Park it was said last night that there had never been a girl there named Preece, Singlerley or Parker. They could not recall Mrs. Parker by description.

One of the new checks forged by the woman and dug up by the police yesterday was one for \$100 on the Lincoln Bank, signed "Alice Kauser," and passed on R. H. Macy & Co.

Detectives Peabody and Clark, in a second search of the woman's room made last night, found some twenty slips of paper on which were written the name "A. Bierstadt," and the figures "\$100." The detectives learned that A. Bierstadt is a depositor in the Lincoln Bank. The woman was evidently practicing his signature with the idea of forging a check in his name.

The police have learned that Parker came originally from Pittsburgh, where he is well known to the police. "Diamond Lil," the Chicago crook, whose picture was found in Mrs. Parker's room, is the woman on whose account the jealous son of a Chicago police official shot and killed a man there several years ago.

The police in the last two weeks Mrs. Parker has succeeded by her forgeries in securing about \$2,000 in cash. MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 16.—Mabel Preece is the adopted daughter of T. J. Preece of the stock brokerage firm of Preece & Dunham and Mrs. Louise Preece, supervisor of physical training in the Minneapolis public schools, neither of whom is in the city at present.

The young woman has figured in several escapades.

CAUGHT SEELY'S ASSAILANTS.

Pat Who Beat and Robbed the Truss Maker Arrested in Providence.

The men who brutally assaulted and robbed Isaac B. Seely, a truss manufacturer, on Friday morning in his office at 38 East Twenty-third street, where he straightway donned the kimono and red slippers again, sent out for all the magazines and proceeded to enjoy herself.

"The whole family appears to be involved in trouble," she said to a Sun reporter. "It's lucky Jim and I have no children or I suppose they'd have them under arrest, too. Well, I'm in trouble now, I guess, and these detectives are kind enough to tell me that they have enough against me to keep me here all my life. On the whole I don't know just where I am coming out of all this."

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WRECKED AUTO SHOWERS FIRE

WOMAN, STEERING, DRIVES IT INTO A TROLLEY POLE.

Driver Planned Under It When the Gasoline Tank Blows Up—He's Badly Hurt and the Cop Who Came to the Rescue Is Burned—Several Horses Run Away.

A two-seated automobile runaway, which was spinning down Jerome avenue yesterday afternoon, with other vehicles all around it, ran into a trolley pole at 108th street, throwing the occupants out with great force. Then, just after a policeman had pulled the driver from the wreck, the gasoline tank of the machine exploded, raining fire in all directions.

All this happened because a young woman who was taking her first automobile ride had insisted upon being allowed "to steer for just a minute."

The only person badly hurt was Avery Denison of 233 West Fifty-fourth street, an expert driver. With him in the machine at the time of the accident were two young women, whose names the police failed to get. People who saw the accident said that there was another man besides Denison in the machine when it struck the trolley pole. If they are right that man was probably E. P. Washburn of 233 West Fifty-fourth street, the superintendent of John Brisben Walker's Mobile Company of America and the owner of the automobile.

Washburn told a Sun reporter later that he had left the machine a few minutes before the collision to go into a roadhouse. He said the young woman had been teasing all the way down from Yonkers to be allowed to run the machine. Denison, he said, had gone on with the young women, intending to return in five minutes for Washburn.

The young woman attempted to steer when the machine was about at 107th street. The trolley pole at that point are in the middle of the avenue. She had hardly put her hand on the steering lever when the machine swerved to the left and made straight for a pole that was about thirty feet away.

The machine was going about sixteen miles an hour and Denison was unable to avert the collision. The automobile struck the pole with a crash. The two young women shot through the air and Denison was thrown over against the trolley pole and pinned down under the wrecked machine.

Policeman Fred Vanderpool of the High Bridge station was on a bicycle not far away, and when he heard the crash he raced to the scene of the trouble. He cast a glance at the two young women, who had already got to their feet, and then ran to Denison's aid. The latter was unconscious.

Vanderpool pulled the disabled driver out, but he had dragged him barely ten feet away when the gasoline tank exploded. Burning gasoline fell on the back of the policeman, and on Denison's face, injuring both of them. The flaming drops also spattered upon half a dozen persons in the crowd that had gathered.

The whole machine was in a blaze in a moment, and in half an hour was nothing but a mass of twisted metal and smoldering wood. The flames ran up to the top of the trolley pole, making it a flaming torch for five minutes.

By this time the avenue near the scene of the accident was crowded with automobiles and other pleasure vehicles. Several horses ran away when the explosion occurred, but no accident resulted.

Somebody in the crowd summoned Dr. Conitt from the Fordham Hospital and he quickly revived Denison and attended to the policeman's burns. Then he sent Denison's right leg, which had been broken, and sewed up a long scalp wound which the driver had received.

Denison was taken to the hospital. Washburn put the two young women, one of whom had an injured arm and the other a badly scratched face, into a carriage and took them to Mill's roadhouse at 177th street. They were taken from there in an automobile a few minutes later.

Washburn refused to say anything about the young women except that they came from Yonkers.

HIS AUTO HURT HIS OWN CHILD.

Dr. Ware's Machine Threw Her Out, Then Ran Against Her.

Dr. Horace B. Ware of Scranton, Pa., while driving a steam automobile, in which were his wife and three-year-old daughter Dorothy, through Fifty-ninth street yesterday afternoon, lost control of the steering apparatus and ran the machine on the walk north of Central Park and across the way from the Plaza Hotel.

The shock of the collision with the curb threw Dorothy over the dashboard, and although the machine came to a standstill in a soft spot close to the Park wall without actually passing over the child, she was pinned under the front wheel and received a lacerated wound in the chest.

Dr. Ware struck the child and the automobile responded to the reversing lever and the machine had to be lifted off of the child. She was taken to the Flower Hospital, where it was said that she may have received internal injuries.

YACHT THIEVES IN THE SOUND.

Mr. Carpenter Catches, After a Chase, a Young Man Sailing Away in His Boat.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Aug. 16.—Christian Carpenter found to-day that a young man had sailed away with his 25-foot yacht Kill Time, and a number of local yachtsmen had a lively chase after the thief. They followed the stolen yacht in launches and rowboats, caught the man and took him to the New Rochelle dock.

The prisoner gave his name as Rudolph Selinger, 18 years old, but refused to give his address. He declared that a yachtman had turned the Kill Time over to him while he was ashore.

Mr. Carpenter brought several friends to take a sail on his yacht, and when they reached the New Rochelle yacht club, he found his craft was sailing eastward. When he overtook her Selinger was sitting on deck smoking a cigarette, with all sails set.

T. J. O. RHINELANDER TRACKED.

Secret Service Man Took Him for a Counterfeiter—Found Out Better.

Coney Island has been flooded for two or three weeks with counterfeit half-dollars and quarters bearing the date 1902. Almost as numerous as the counterfeiters there have been Secret Service men, looking for the makers and "shovers" of the "queer."

One of the Secret Service men, whose name is said to be Wilson, got on a trolley car of the Sea Gate line, running from the Island to Manhattan Beach, last evening. At West Eighth street T. J. Oakley Rhinelander, whose family has been in New York society ever since there was a real New York and who is stopping at the Oriental Hotel, got on with a man and a woman, who he said to have been Mr. and Mrs. Howland Pell. They sat near the front door.

Mr. Rhinelander paid the ten-cent fares for the three with a quarter and a five-cent piece. Then the Secret Service man called the conductor over and spoke in a low tone to him. According to the conductor, the sleuth asked what coins Mr. Rhinelander had given and, on seeing them, took the quarter, giving the conductor another, and said:

"This is a 1902 quarter. You know there are lots of counterfeit quarters and half-dollars floating around here. Do you know where they come from? No? Well, there are. They're always passed by well-dressed people like these and I am following this man. I'm a Secret Service man."

The conductor knew neither Mr. Rhinelander nor the Secret Service man, so he took the latter's quarter and kept still. Mr. Rhinelander and his companions got off at Manhattan Beach and walked leisurely toward the Oriental Hotel. So did the Secret Service man. As the four were passing a bunch of bushes a Pinkerton detective stepped out of the shadow, touched the Secret Service man's elbow and said in a whisper:

"What are you following those people for?" "I'm a Secret Service man," said the other. "I'm looking for counterfeiters."

"Do you know who that man is?" Rhinelander asked. The Pinkerton man, pointing to Mr. Rhinelander.

The Secret Service man said he didn't and the Pinkerton man told him. The Secret Service man tried to find a hole in the ground, but didn't see any in the immediate neighborhood, so he went away without wasting time.

Mr. Rhinelander, the Pinkerton people say, doesn't know yet that he was "suspected."

VARDAMAN LIKELY TO LOSE.

Senator McLaure Opposes His Anti-Negro Stand in Mississippi.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 16.—United States Senator A. J. McLaure of Mississippi has finally declared for Judge Crite, the conservative candidate for Governor of Mississippi, and against Vardaman, who is running on the anti-negro issue, in the second Democratic primary, to be held Aug. 27.

Senator McLaure is the strongest man politically in Mississippi, as shown by the fact that he was unanimously renominated last week for United States Senator. His declaration for Crite, as well as that of Bishop Galloway, who ranks with him in influence in Mississippi, is regarded as assuring the election of Crite, the defeat of Vardaman and a removal of the negro issue, by at least 25,000 majority, at the coming Democratic primary.

RAIN BELT A FEW BLOCKS WIDE.

Soaked Fourth Avenue and Left Eighth as Dry as Sahara.

The city had, yesterday afternoon, one of the queerest rainfalls that has got into meteorological history hereabouts for some time.

An ominously black cloud swung its shadow over Manhattan at about 1 o'clock. Generally speaking, that section of Manhattan south of 110th street had a drenching for half an hour. Harlem got a few drops and Brooklyn received a few, too.

One observer who walked across Twenty-third street just after the shower discovered that while Fourth avenue was soaking wet, Sixth avenue was almost dry and Eighth avenue as dry as a bone.

ST. LOUIS SLIGHTLY SHAKEN.

Earthquake Also Felt in Illinois, but Does Little Damage.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 16.—About 3:45 o'clock this morning a seismic wave passed over this city, travelling from west to east. Buildings shook, clocks stopped, windows rattled and people were aroused from their sleep in great alarm. No great damage was done.

About 4 o'clock the wave crossed the Mississippi and was quite perceptible in Alton, Ill. In East Alton windows were broken, brick-a-brac shaken from shelves and the plaster in the Methodist Church was destroyed.

C. VANDERBILT DORMITORY.

Name Given to the New Sheffield School Building at Yale.

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 16.—It is announced that the dormitory being built for the Sheffield Scientific Department of Yale by F. W. Vanderbilt will be called the Cornelius Vanderbilt dormitory in memory of the brother of the donor. The building represented to the academic department of Yale by the late Cornelius Vanderbilt in memory of his oldest son, W. H. Vanderbilt, who was a student here, is known simply as Vanderbilt Hall.

WEALTHY CUBAN ROBBED.

Louis Rebel, at Saratoga, Causes Arrest of His Valet and Chauffeur.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 16.—A few days ago Louis Rebel, a wealthy Cuban player, who is stopping at the Grand Union Hotel, missed from his room \$1,000 in cash and a diamond and ruby scarf pin valued at \$350. For certain reasons, he says, he suspected that they had been stolen by his valet, Ralph Patterson, and his chauffeur, Isaac Moore.

SHOT ON O. M. HARPER'S ROOF.

SIX SLEUTHS TRAP AND BADLY WOUND A GRITTY BURGLAR.

Was Hiding Behind a Chimney When They Came Up—Stepped Out with a Pistol in Each Hand—Detective Was Too Quick—May Have Robbed Fischer-Hansen.

Six of Inspector McCluskey's Central Office detectives shot down and captured a ropeclass burglar last night on the roof of the house at 41 West Forty-seventh street, where Orlando M. Harper, who is the Secretary of the Birbeck Investment Savings and Loan Company and a dry goods merchant, lives.

The burglar is believed to be the man who has robbed a number of houses in the Fifth avenue section of town recently. The police are confident that he is the man who got a basket of silver from Carl Fischer-Hansen's house, but who was scared into abandoning his plunder.

When the robberies first were reported McCluskey sent his men out to patrol streets in the residential districts, between 9 in the evening and 5:30 in the morning. Detectives Play, Dunn, Finley, Rheame, Barnett and Strankey have the district bounded by Forty-second and Fifty-eighth streets and between Sixth and Seventh avenues.

They reached the detectives late last night that a man was thought to be walking on the roof of some houses on the north side of Forty-seventh street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Play, Barnett and Strankey got up on the roof of an apartment house at the northeast Sixth avenue corner while the other three men stayed down in the street.

The men on the roof, according to their story, soon saw a man hiding behind the chimney on Mr. Harper's house. They sneaked up on him slowly, but when they were near the chimney the burglar stepped out with a revolver in each hand.

"Don't move," he said, coolly, "or I'll shoot." The detectives had their revolvers ready and the answer the burglar got was a shot from Barnett's weapon. It had no effect, but a second shot, which followed almost in an instant, had.

The burglar dropped one revolver, put the other in his pocket, stood still a moment and then fell in a heap. The detectives went after him with a rush.

"Go easy, boys," he said, as they piled on him. "I'm plugged in the leg."

He was rushed in a patrol wagon to Police Headquarters. There he said he was George Robinson, a Westerner. He is a big fellow, and wore a golf cap, rubber overshoes and a dark suit. He had a 25-foot rope ladder an electric lantern and fifty cartridges.

"I'm sorry I came East," he said. "I was all right in the West because the police there are no good."

Dr. Canfield of St. Vincent's Hospital found that Barnett's bullet had gone into the calf of the burglar's left leg. He probed for it, but couldn't find it.

Throughout the operation the burglar didn't wince. He was taken to the prison ward at Bellevue Hospital.

The police think that he hadn't got into any house when they caught him.

KENTUCKY FEUD KILLING.

Verdict in Jett-White Case Starts a Shooting—One Dead and Two Wounded.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 16.—Ed. Estis and the Salter brothers, feudists, fought to-day at Oakdale, near Jackson. Estis was killed and two of the Salter brothers wounded.

The trouble began yesterday when the news of the verdict in the Jett-White trial was heard there. Judge Hargis owns the store at Oakdale and one of the Salters is employed as a clerk.

He sided with the Hargis faction and said Jasper King did right in not agreeing to a death penalty. Estis and he had some hot words.

This morning Estis started for church. James Salter came up. Both drew their revolvers. Estis was shot three times, John Salter once and James Salter once. The Salters gave themselves up.

"STRENUOUS LIFE" SUICIDE.

Extracts From Roosevelt's Book in Room of Clerk Who Kills Himself.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—Stephen E. Hall of Aurora, Ill., a clerk in the Department of Commerce and Labor, committed suicide here this evening in his room by shooting himself in the heart.

When found he was stretched at full length under a large portrait of President Roosevelt, and in his hand was a copy of a poem on "How to Die."

RELIANCE'S RUDDER STRAINED.

Happened in Recent Spin, and Workmen Will Try to Fix It To-day.

It was learned late last evening at the New York Yacht Club that the rudder of the Reliance was strained in one of her recent spins and workmen would begin the task of straightening it early this morning. Just what the amount of damage was could not be ascertained, but a member of the club said that both Designer Herreshoff and Capt. Barr spent some time in the dock beneath the yacht and located the difficulty yesterday morning before the crowds visited Erie Basin. A score of workmen were busy in an endeavor to fix the rudder in its original position, but without success.

POPE CALLS VATICAN A JAIL.

"They Confined Me Here and Then Ran Away," He Complains.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—"My jailers confined me here and then ran away." This, according to the Daily Mail's Rome correspondent, whom the Pope received to-day, is how Pius expressed his embarrassment at the ceremonial life of the Vatican, his jailers being the Sacred College of Cardinals.

The correspondent found his Holiness placid and kindly, but quite confused about the ceremonial to be followed. One of the Vatican officials said that they could not suggest many points of usage to the Pope, and he could not guess them. Thus the Pope bowed to instead of blessing the party, among whom was the correspondent, when they withdrew.

REMOVED BY GOV. DURBIN.

Police Official Who Sided With Labor Men Put Out of Office.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 16.—Gov. Durbin to-day removed Police Commissioner D. C. Reardon of Marion for failure to protect the business men of that city during the recent labor troubles. Reardon is a member of the Glass Bottle Blowers' Union and was appointed at the instance of organized labor.

BEER 10 CENTS A PINT AGAIN.

Free People Won't Stand for the 15-Cent Growler—Free Lunch, Too.

The scheme of the Manhattan liquor dealers to "retaliate" for the raising of the liquor tax by increasing the price of growler beer to 15 cents a pint and abolishing the free lunch has failed.

Four-fifths of them will go back to the old rate of 10 cents a pint to-day and will also set up free lunches.

The abolition of the free lunch, it will be recalled, was a blow aimed at the up-State cheese-makers. But it didn't pay, and neither did 15-cent beer.

The Liquor Dealers' Association does not appear officially in the new move, although the officers of the organization have tacitly consented to its members returning to the old practice.

SOCIETY DANCE ON THE BEACH.

Novel Sunday Evening Entertainment for Newport's Smart Set.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 16.—Dancing on the beach is something new for Newport society, yet that is what took place to-night, the scene being Hazard's Beach, a private place on the ocean drive. In the absence of a moon the beach was lighted by masses of bonfires and there Mr. J. Norman De R. Whitehouse and his guests met.

It was a surprise, as the guests little knew what to expect when the invitations read Hazard's Beach, but the decorations had transformed the small pavilion into a floral bower, where supper was served, followed by the dance on the sand.

The music was furnished by the Strollers Club and it proved one of the most pleasing entertainments ever given in Newport.

WON A CHURCH IN A RAFFLE.

Mill Worker Paid Quarter for Ticket—Will Build a Home With Lumber.

PASSAIC, N. J., Aug. 16.—Michael Glita, a mill employee here, has a church on his hands which he won last night at a raffle. It is an old building, now used by St. Michael's Greek Rite congregation, which is erecting a new edifice. Father Molcaney decided to raffle off the old building.

Tickets were sold at \$1 each, and the drawing was held last night in the old building. Glita won. He bought his ticket for a quarter from a friend who had gone to the old country. He will tear the building down when the new church is occupied, next month, and put up a home for his family with the lumber.

ROCKEFELLER BUYS LAND.